

BRAG AND BLUSTER

By AUGUSTUS GOODRICH

"It pays to be slick. Everything is 'front' in this world. Education is a waste of time and nothing goes but bluster, brag and pretense!"

Thus Mark Dorrance to his closest friend and fellow workman, Bert Lansing, who smiled dubiously as he replied:

"Getting rather pessimistic, aren't you, Mark? Of course you refer to gold-plated superintendent, Tracy Dunbar."

"And isn't he truly all brass, with a basis of self conceit and braggadocio?" demanded Mark sternly.

"Why, say—he's about half the time on his job and it's a wonder the company keeps him. They can't know that we do all of the work and he gets the credit for it."

"Which speaks well for our diligence, eh, Mark?" laughed Bert.

"That may be, but I believe in merit rewarded. If the right man was made superintendent, it would be you."

"Thanks, Mark," bowed Bert. "That shows that I have at least one admiring friend. Returning to Dunbar, though, you may find that the elements you idealize do not always spell permanent success. Somewhere Dunbar will strike a snag. Then, if he isn't true blue, his good luck will desert him. What is the direct animus of the special moment as to Dunbar?"

"Well, when a fellow's got a girl he don't care to play second fiddle in her company," explained Mark in a complaining tone. "Last evening we were out at a little party. Dunbar is never, I admit it, and fairly bewitched the crowd with his entertaining ways. He acted though as if he could take his pick of any girl in the room. I didn't like it. And by the way, Bert, he was especially attentive to the pretty sister of yours, Daisy."

"Oh, don't let that trouble you," and Bert laughed confidently. "Daisy is engaged to a gentleman in New

York who will probably claim his bride before the year is over."

"That may be," answered Mark, "but I consider Dunbar a crafty, dangerous man. Certainly he interested Daisy. Flirtation is a perilous game for a lonely girl with a distant lover to think of."

"Daisy is a sensible, loyal girl," asserted Bert, "and I am not afraid of Mr. Dunbar winning from her anything more than amused attention. She is allowed enough to see through his artificial society ways, just as we do."

The conversation dropped there, but it was destined to lead to results. An outside incident hastened this materialization. Bert and Mark were young engineers and Dunbar was superintendent, all three engaged by a big construction firm in the city to build a water power plant. The dam was about a mile from the town where the young men lived. It was to be a long job and the young men had been accustomed to going home nights.

There came up, however, trouble among the sluice workers. It arose over the refusal of Dunbar to pay them a certain rebate agreed on. They refused to work. He claimed that they had violated their contract and were not entitled to the money. These men claimed they were being robbed and quit the job, but hung around making some ugly threats.

On this account Bert and Mark consented to remain nights near the plant, and quite comfortably established themselves in a little building that had been used to store dynamite in the early stages of the construction work. They would go to town alternate evenings and did their own cooking.

One afternoon Bert was returning from the village when he heard a yell for help. He was amazed to trace it to the side of the rough road, apparently beneath its surface. Finally he discovered an old man who had fallen into an unused pit. He helped him out, scared and bruised.

"Where's the eggs?" gasped the rescued one, looking wildly about.

"The eggs?" repeated Bert vaguely.

"Yes, I was carrying a basket with forty dozen of them in it. Automobile came along. Stepped aside to get out of the way of it and fell into that hole. As I did so the basket swung clear of my hand. I'm a poultry farmer down the road. Suppose all that fruit just smashed to smithereens."

Bert made a search. It was a queer thing, but he discovered the basket safely nestled in among a lot of hazel brush and not an egg cracked or broken.

The old farmer was delighted. He found out who Bert was.

"Say," he observed, "I'll send you down a basket of the nicest, freshest eggs you ever saw tomorrow."

The man kept his promise and there was a rare breakfast feast. Bert and Mark had eggs boiled, fried and poached. Bert was the cook that morning.

After the meal set the basket containing an egg supply for a week

ahead on a sheltered shelf on the shaded end of the house outside.

It was about two hours later that Bert and Mark, superintending some work at the dam, were startled by the sound of a violent commotion. They noticed a little way up the road an automobile containing half a dozen young ladies. It was one that Dunbar frequently hired from a local garage. Then at a distance they noted Dunbar himself.

He had evidently driven up to the plant, had gone into the office and coming out had been confronted by a party of the dissatisfied workmen. About a dozen of these were chasing him now.

"Lynch him!"

"Where's the money you stole from us?"

"String him up!"

These and other vicious and furious shouts followed the fugitive. He ran for his life, his face ashen pale and terrified. He dodged behind the little cabin where Bert and Mark slept nights. As he came into view again an amazing spectacle was revealed.

Swat!—through the air sped a white oval missile. It struck the glossy silk hat of the runner and carried it into a mud puddle. Swat!—two more of the missiles landed on his back, giving out a slimy ooze of white and yellow. Then a perfect fusillade, and as Dunbar turned to discern the distance of his two more projectiles landed on his face.

With a shriek of fear the fugitive made for the rear woods. He had to pass the waiting automobile. He was a bedraggled, forlorn specimen, a target for the basket of eggs his pursuers had discovered given to Bert by the farmer.

The rioters halted near the machine as their prey escaped them, and then the fair admirers of Tracy Dunbar knew what kind of a man he was.

He had never returned the rebate money to the company, but had robbed the workmen by dishonestly keeping it for himself. Bert noticed his sister among those in the auto. Their escort had disappeared for good and Bert had to drive them back to town.

That night his sister made him a confession. She had almost consented to elope with Dunbar and marry him. But now the shocking truth had forever dispelled the illusion concerning a fascinating, but unworthy man. Her real lover never knew how nearly she had come to losing a happy, loving future.

It was discovered that Dunbar was an embezzler to a large amount. He got safely out of the country and Bert Lansing succeeded him as superintendent.

"Which proves," observed Bert to Mark Dorrance, "that 'front' and brag and bluster do not always win in the end."

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SAID TO BE 1,000 YEARS OLD

Remarkable Lamp Which is One of the Most Precious of Mikado's Art Collections.

What is probably the most extraordinary lamp in the world is one, said to be more than 1,000 years old, which forms a part of the art collection of the emperor of Japan.

In this lamp the oil is stored in the body of a rat, which sits upon the top of a pole. Halfway down the pole, and resting on a projecting bracket, is a saucer. In the center of which is a pin that connects it with the bracket on which it rests. In this saucer and leaning over its side is a wick. When the saucer is filled with oil and the wick is lit there is presented a lamp that exhibits no peculiar qualities until the greater part of the oil has been consumed. Then suddenly a stream, which suffices to replenish the now nearly exhausted saucer, issues from the mouth of the rat.

The saucer being full, no more oil is discharged from the rat's mouth until it is again nearly empty, when the creature sitting above yields a further supply, and so on till its store of oil is exhausted. The manner in which this is accomplished is simple.

A peg that rises in the center of the saucer, and attaches it to the support on which it rests, terminates in a knob or cap; but the peg is hollow and in connected with the body of the rat by a tube which runs along the bracket and then ascends through the stand to the upper portion of the rat's body.

The pin, which stands in the center of the saucer, it should be remembered, is perforated immediately below its cap, or about half an inch above the saucer. It is obvious, then, that when the oil sinks to a point at which the hole is exposed air will enter and thus allow the oil to run out of the rat's mouth; but when this hole is again covered by oil no further air is admitted, and therefore no more oil can run from a rat's mouth.—Philadelphia Record.

Diplomatic Excoriation.

I overheard a group of girls discussing the merits of their employers and, from their remarks, it was apparent that a majority of them were stenographers. Some were loud in praise of their employers, while others were not. One miss seemed greatly impressed by hers.

"He is always so adept at answering letters that I have no trouble at all," she said. "He isn't afraid to say anything he means. The other day he called me over to take a letter and his dictation was like this:

"Sir, my typist being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you; I, being a gentleman, cannot even think of it; but you, being neither, can easily guess my thoughts."—Boston Post.

Lots Like That.

A certain famous skyscraper builder said in his New York office the other day apropos of costs and values:

"Costs and values get confused because there are so many men who, if sunshine had to be paid for, would swear that gas gave a much more brilliant light."

Most Elaborate.

"Can you give me, offhand, a good example of elaborate sarcasm?"

"Oh, yes. A very good example of that sort of thing is the thoughtful paragraph in which one country editor calls down another country editor for stealing his editorials."

OVER THE RIO GRANDE



ONE VIEW OF MEXICO CITY

NO Mexican house is untidy, that is, what in England would be called "gentlemen's houses."

The chairs with their backs to the wall look like a well-drilled regiment. The furniture is usually under covers; it is arranged with a precision which gives one an icy feeling round the heart.

On the walls will probably be pictures. Let us not speak of them, but like Virgil and Dante, "glimpse and pass by." Very unconventional householders may have some photographs showing, and even a few books, not, of course, lying about, but in a case or on a shelf. Rooms do not seem to be lived in. They are like "show rooms" in some "great house" through which a glibly respectable parrot housekeeper leads parties of gaping tourist visitors.

Yet there is one unfailing charm about Mexican houses, writes H. Hamilton Fyfe in the London Daily Mail. That is the charm of flowers. All Mexicans love flowers. Their homes present to the street bare, unlovely walls, with barred and close-curtained windows. Very often, though, you get a glimpse, as you pass the open door, of a patio where the sunlight flickers on green leaves and vivid blossoms. Always you may count upon such an interior even if you cannot see it.

It is the custom to build houses round a green plot open to the sky. Sometimes there is a loggia on three sides of this, a loggia into which all the rooms open (there being no "up stairs") and where the household lives in warm weather, cooled by the splash and tinkle of a fountain in the center. Or else the ground floor may be given up to offices or stabling, and mounting a stairway you come to a broad balcony screened from the sun by thick trails of flowering creepers.

Well-Seasoned Dishes.

Most hotels are built more or less on this plan, which almost makes up for the hardness of their pillows. The Mexican idea of a pillow is that it should be in the center of which is a pin that connects it with the bracket on which it rests. In this saucer and leaning over its side is a wick. When the saucer is filled with oil and the wick is lit there is presented a lamp that exhibits no peculiar qualities until the greater part of the oil has been consumed. Then suddenly a stream, which suffices to replenish the now nearly exhausted saucer, issues from the mouth of the rat.

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STRANGE WILLS ON RECORD

Eccentricities of Men and Women, With Money to Leave, Have Been Many and Varied.

Many are the eccentricities to which wills have borne testimony from time to time. The earl of Portarlington left instructions that he should be buried with all his rings on his fingers. The late earl of Argyll stipulated that he should be taken to the cemetery in an old-fashioned hearse, so that the coffin should not be seen, and that no flowers should be placed on his grave. He also left word that his coronet would be found by his nephew and successor "in a cellar" of his house.

A Vienna millionaire, who died recently, left a sum of money with which to defray the cost of 12 months' electric lighting, not only of his vault, but even of the very coffin in which he was buried. Less particular was the Frenchman who asked that his body should be thrown into the sea a mile from the English coast.

He was, too, so disgusted with his own country that he would neither be buried there nor allow any of his relatives or fellow-countrymen to benefit by his death. He left the whole of his money to the poor of London.

Protection Against Lightning.

Coral necklaces have often been worn for warding off lightning; also an eagle's plume, as that bird is supposed to be quite invulnerable to lightning from its connection with Jupiter. The Romans were also much addicted to wearing bay leaves as a preservative. The laurel, the holly and the fig trees are supposed to be quite free from evil effects of lightning. The elder Pliny said: "Lightning never strikes the laurel."

Famous English Oak.

Steps are being taken for the preservation of the famous oak tree at Tifford, Surrey. Upon the advice of a prominent official at Kew gardens, decayed matter is being removed and the cavity filled with masonry. The age of "the king's oak," as it is generally known, is variously estimated to be from 300 to 1,000 years.

SOME DON'TS TO REMEMBER

Small Things, Possibly, but They Amount to a Good Deal in the Aggregate.

Don't hurry your wife when she is getting the meals. Let the food get thoroughly cooked. Poorly cooked food raises hob with a man's stomach, and that leads to hard words and perhaps something worse.

Don't send the boys out to cut wood with dull axes. Think of the strength that must be wasted using a dull axe. A few minutes at the grindstone will fix them all right. It takes the tuck out of a man to work with dull tools anyway. I don't like it. Do you?

Don't be in a hurry about your work. Hurry and worry are a poor span to hitch up together.

Don't overlook the fact that the wind often blows shingles off the barn and house. Save these if they are sound and good and when a nice, warm day comes get up and put them on again. Fix your ladder so that it will not slip and let you down, by nailing two pieces of wood to the upper end of the same angle as the roof on the opposite side where you are to work. Some farmers take added precaution by fastening a rope around their bodies and hitching the other end to a secure place while they are at work. A good pair of rubbers over the boots will add to the safety of the job.

Don't forget that the boys see everything that you do. Where do you hang your hat when you come in from work? On the floor or the back of the chair? You would not like the boy to do that, would you? But they are watching you and will surely follow in your footsteps. Hang the hat and caps up.

FOR HOUSEWIVES TO KNOW

Should Familiarize Themselves With the Quality of the Food Products They Buy.

"As many housewives as belong to the Housewives' league," is the answer to all test questions, says the Housewives' League Magazine.

How many housewives study the labels on canned and bottled goods to find in small type, placed in an inconspicuous corner, the announcement that some adulterant or other has been used to cheapen the product? The pure food and drugs act compels manufacturers to tell the truth, and the housewife has only herself to blame if she places before her family the sort of food that injures the health.

How many housewives know what the sanitary code of the board of health is?

How many know what the office of the commissioner of weights and measures has to do with their table supply?

How many know where the short weights and measures used by dishonest tradesmen come from?

How many know what the department of agriculture stands for in its relation to the market supply?

Fudge Cake.

Cream one cup of sugar and two-thirds of a cup of butter, add one cup of milk, stir in lightly two and one-half cups of flour in which has been sifted one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, one-fourth of a cup of chocolate melted by placing in a cup and setting in hot water, one-half cup of English walnut meats broken into small bits, three eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately. Bake in a loaf tin.

For the fudge frosting melt one and one-half teaspoonfuls of butter, add one-half cupful of unsweetened powdered cocoa, one and one-fourth cups of confectioner's sugar, a small pinch of salt and one-fourth cup of milk. Heat to the boiling point and boil about eight minutes, then remove from the fire and beat until creamy. Flavor with one-half teaspoonful of vanilla and pour over the cake to the depth of one-fourth of an inch. This is quite a famous cake, named for one of the foremost women's colleges of the country. It is delicious.

Ham Croquettes.

One cup of finely chopped cooked ham, one of bread crumbs, two of hot mashed potatoes, one large tablespoonful of butter, three eggs, a speck of cayenne. Beat the ham, cayenne, butter and two of the eggs into the potatoes. Let the mixture cool slightly and shape it like croquettes. Roll in the bread crumbs, dip in beaten egg and again in crumbs, put into the frying basket and plunge into boiling fat. Cook two minutes. Drain and serve.

Ham Puffs.

Stir one pint of flour in one pint of boiling water, beat well, remove from fire and beat in four eggs, one at a time. Add the ham, about three ounces finely chopped, two-thirds of a teaspoon curry powder, a pinch of cayenne pepper. Drop a small dessertspoonful at a time into a pan of deep lard. Fry a golden brown and decorate with parsley. Nice for a change.

Tomato Beef Loaf.

Three pounds hamburger steak, ten common crackers rolled fine, one can of tomatoes. Mix thoroughly together and season well. Form into a loaf in roasting pan, dredge with flour and lay thin strips of pork across top. Bake from one and a half to two hours in good hot oven. Thicken the gravy and pour over loaf or serve in bowl. Serve baked or mashed potatoes with this.

Belmont Fudge.

Put into a stew pan three heaping tablespoons cocoa, two cups brown sugar, one cup white sugar, one cup milk. Boil until it forms a ball in water. (Just before taking from the stove add about one tablespoon butter.) Add one tablespoon vanilla. Beat until it is creamy. Pour into a warm buttered pan. When cool mark into squares.

Cough Syrup for Children.

Get a bottle of honey and put it in a pan on back of the stove. When it is warm, put in a few drops of peppermint. This is simple enough and can do no harm.

For Handy Boys and Girls to Make and Do

(Copyright by A. Neely Hall)

By A. NEELY HALL

TOYS FROM NUTLAND.

The amusing little figures shown in the illustrations are a few of the many that live in Nutland. Five cents' worth of peanuts, a few chestnuts and pecans, some pumpkins or squash seeds, and a few handfuls of toothpicks will furnish material for making them.

Figure 1 shows the wild man and his prancing horse. The man is made of two peanuts, one for the head and one for the body. These are joined together by a short piece of toothpick stuck into a hole pierced in the end of each nut with a knife. Pierce holes in the body peanut in the right places for the arms and legs, and stick toothpicks, bent as shown, into these holes.

For the wild horse, select a long double peanut. Pierce two small holes near one end, and insert two bits of toothpicks for ears. Four bent toothpicks form the legs, and another forms the tail. The wild man must be fastened to the horse by sticking one end

By DOROTHY PERKINS.

A PLAY STORE.

Play store-keeping is great fun for a summer's day, and a very good counter for a little store may be made in the simple manner shown in Figs. 1 and 2.

Chairs are best for the end supports of the counter, though if you can find

two grocery boxes about 30 inches high they will do. The illustrations show chair supports, for they will probably be easiest for you to obtain. As the chair seats are not high enough to rest the counter board upon, you must place a small box upon each to make them of the right height.

If you cannot find a nice clean board for the counter-top, probably you can borrow one of the extra dining-table boards, or the ironing board. Another board of equal length to that used for the top, placed across the chair seats, beneath the small boxes, will make a good shelf, and by turning the small boxes so their open ends will be towards the back of the counter, and placing short pieces of board across the chair rounds, as shown in Fig. 2, you will have two splendid cupboard shelves above the counter in which to keep stock.

The canopy above the counter is really not necessary, but I think every girl will want one, for it makes the store much neater appearing. For the corner sticks you may use broom-handles, short curtain poles, and any

other sticks that you can find. Bind them to the chair backs with string.

Get a large enough piece of cloth for the canopy covering to extend over the four corner sticks and hang down a band eight or ten inches wide. Tack the cloth to the corner sticks.

The front and ends of the counter should be enclosed with cloth or heavy wrapping-paper.

Of course, you must have a set of scale balances for your counter. Your little store would not be complete without them. Figure 3 shows a very easy way to make the base of these is a large spool, and into the center hole of this spool a rubber-tipped pencil is slipped for the center support (Fig. 4). Cut the top cross strips from the cover of a cardboard box, making them ten inches long. Cut the ends and center as shown in Fig. 5, and pierce a pinhole through the center. Figure 4 shows how the strips are fastened each side of the rubber-tipped pencil, by means of a pin pushed through them and through the rubber-tipped pencil. A small cork is pushed on to the point of the pin, so there will be no danger of its injuring you.

The weighing trays are made of pill-box covers of equal size. Pierce four holes through the rim of each, and, after running a thread through each

hole, bring the upper ends together, knot them three inches above the tray, and form a loop two inches above the knot to slip over the notched end of the top crosspiece.

This completes the scale balances. The small collar buttons with which laundered shirts are returned from the laundry make excellent weights. Lacking these, you may use almost any kind of small buttons.

The "Dip's" Inning.

"Time changes everything," "It certainly does. You remember that old joke about how hard it was to steal a woman's purse because she was so smart enough to locate the pocket in her skirt. With these X-ray draperies they're wearing now, it's almost a shame to take the money, as it were."



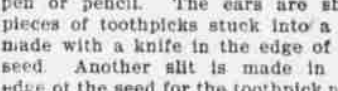
1. THE WILD MAN AND WILD HORSE.



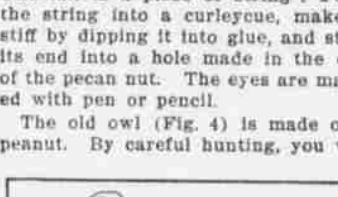
2. THE GIRAFFE.



3. THE PIG.



4. THE OWL.



5. BROWNIE JIM.



6. THE SPIDER.



7. A NUT OF JUST THE FORM SHOWN.

Then all you will have to do is mark the eyes with pen or pencil and make a pair of toothpick feet.

Brownie Jim (Fig. 5) is keeper of the Nutland zoo. His body is an almond, his head a chestnut, and his arms are toothpicks. He wears broad shoes made of pumpkin seeds and a hat made of a cup from a large acorn.

The spider (Fig. 6) is a monster, but is quite harmless. Its body is a peanut, and its legs are bent toothpicks.

Nutland sparrows are just as fat and saucy as any live ones you have ever seen. Select a peanut for the body, make the feet of toothpicks, and mark the eyes and beak with pen or pencil.

For the porcupine pierce one side of a peanut full of holes, and stick broken toothpicks into the holes for quills. Then provide four toothpick legs.

The "gump" lives only in Nutland. Its body is a double peanut, and its legs are halves of toothpicks.

No Laundry Bills.

He was an optimistic soul and a sportsman—a combination that made him a friend to bookies, both directly and indirectly. His pals, whom he infected with his enthusiasm, followed his tips blindly, with more often than not disastrous results.

"See what you've done," wailed one of his friends after a race. "And you told me I could put my shirt on that horse."

"And did you?"